## FIFTH AVENUE'S DOOM.

THE STRONGHOLD OF WEALTH AND FASHION XIELDING TO TRADE,

Brewell to the Street of Elegant Homes, Hall to the Street of Magnificent Shops— A Red Ping Next Door to the Stewart Mansion and a Beer Garden Near the Vandorbilto-Where Business Marches

Fifth avenue is doomed. The decire of its fate is written in letters of gilt on its brownone fronts and sealed withithe white seals of the for sale signs on its carved door posts. A paremptory writ of ejectment has been issued against the present occupants, and is being served by the sheriffs of trade with a rigorous verity that knows neither mercy nor reverence for the blue blood of the ancient families or the wealth and influence of the newer rich. Day by day the evictions are going on, and it has become a question of only a few years when the last fof the old avenue will have en seen, and in its place will have come a new life to the magnificent street. The money retters will succeed the money gorged, and the istoorect will come back to ancestral manions to buy bric-à-brac and groceries.

The rising tide of trade long ago swept out of their ancient resorts down town and along Broadway the families of wealth and fashion. sidentally swallowing up a goodly proportion of the families themselves, where their memers were incautious enough to toy with the billows by venturing with their little rowcoats of fortune into the crowd of other craft manned more by enterprise and shrewdness than by blue blood. But at Fifth avenue the ide was dammed. It swept along up Broadway land University place on one side and Sixth avenue on the other, fromtWashington square to Madison square, and there ng Broadway out of sight and hearing of e fashionable savenue, and tending always further away. For many years the dams were naintained and Fifth avenue was a street of miet and luxury in the midst of the bustling ity. But trade is as insinuating as water, and ot so many years ago but that boys still at liege can remember them, the ancient dams to leak. Around the crossing of Broadway at Madison square was the weakest spot. d there were the first encroachments. At Fourteenth street the barriers were strong, but so was the tide, and it crept through and under and over the sentimental fondness of the old families for their homes. The Grand Central Station soon caused a breach at Forty-second street, and later away up at Fifty-pinth street wave of the Third avenue branch of the trade stream swept in.

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There are bits between where the residences still hold their own, and even within the past few years several magnificent houses have been built from Forty-second to Fifty-ninth street; but the irresistible tendency toward trade marks the whole street more now than ever. Even the parts of the avenue that are apparently still devoted to residences are the prey of the boarding-house keeper, a sure precursor of the store and of business.

Washington square has always been a sort of eddy, and probably always will be. It remains to-day what it was years ago—one of the two or three really aristocratic-looking locations in the whole rushing city. It is as quaint and old as though many centuries instead of less than one had passed since it was a farm. Business has settled half a block away all around it, and, passing on, has been to a great extent succeeded by factories and small shops and tenements; but just about the square the passing years have only intensified the homelike spirit of the place, as they have depened the shadows of the aging trees. Washington square is like a leaf out of an old book bound into a new volume, and Fifth avenue, starting out from the square, is as quaint and forgotten looking as the square itself. The houses stand far apart and often back from the street, and each is built after a style of its own. The deadly uniformity of the generation of architects that designed the later portion of Fifth avenue did not spoil the tastes of the wealthy old families who built these houses for themselves and in a style to suit themselves. There isn't a mean-looking house in the lot, nor one that shows signs of neglect, but neither is there one that is in the least protentious. Solid citizens built them, and solid citizens continue to live in most of them. Trade has passed them too far to care to come back for them, and they are safe to remain homes for many years to come, grow-main homes for many years to come, grow-main homes for heavy far

encrochment business had made upon its autent dignit other sacrifice of Larcs and Penalese upon the altar of commerce until No. 55, where the whole basement and first floor front has been ruthlessly knecked out, and gaudy signs in new-fangled plate-glass windows tell that the Lyons Manufacturing Company has settled within, and would be happy to dispense patent door checks to all comers.

At the next corner, 61, the first floor of an other old house, a dozen years ago the home of J. R. Griswold, has given way to a homeopathic pharmacy, and at 55, a plain, old mansion has been taken possession of by an assorting ment of Edison companies, and at 65, a plain, old mansion has been taken possession of by an assorting ment of Edison companies, and at 65, a plain, old mansion has been taken possession of by an assorting ment of Edison companies, and at 65, a plain, old mansion has been taken possession of by an assorting the second of the second patent of a new inventions in the electric light line. Next door the whole old house is gone, the first finatance of the kind on the avenue, and a new five-story business building occupies its place, with a carpet company's sign in the first floor window. Fourteenth street comes next, and the first corner is an old mansion still, and from the side seems to have been altered little for the purposes of trade. The front, on Fourteenth street, has been rebuilt of glass. On the side a startling array of theatrs posters covers up much of the old brown stone, and signs of numerous businesses inside disfigure to see a home of wealth, old thrown stone, and signs of numerous businesses inside disfigure to see a home of wealth, old thrown stone, and signs of numerous businesses in the start of the fourth of the start of the first sign diverse of the contract of the house that the start of the first signs diverse with a start of the first sign diverse of the first sign of the start of the first sign diverse of the first sign of the sign of the sign of the first sign of the sign of the sign

was occupied as a dwelling, and where Chickgring Hall is now there were two small white houses standing far back from the street, with little gardens in front. The Belmonts and and Marshall O. Roberts houses were across the street then as now.

"One of the first breaks made in the ayenue above Fourteenth street was when Goupil rented John Hoey's house, on the corner of Twenty-second street, and opened his art gallery. Hoey still owns the house, and Goupil's successor still has his gallery in it.

A plano store and offices fill the building next to Mr. Avery's, No. 88, and then the avenue drops back in its old exclusive elegance for a short distance. Arthur Leavy lives at 90, as be did A dozen or more years ago. Robert k. Davies lives in a house formerly occupied by Edwin Hoyt, and pext door, on the corner of Fifteenth street, the Manhattan Club retains its old quarters. Mrs. Frederick Nellson, with her brother, Freddy Gebhard, remain at 100, and 102 still has an Aymar among its inhabitants. Peter Hayden, at 106, is another old name, but on the corner, 108, the Weber piano concern has substituted giddy black and gilt and plate class for the first floor and basement front of a brown-stone mansion. Across the street are the banquet halls of the Martinelli, now deserted, and, strange to say, going to ruin. The building is a large as any on the avenue, but it has remained vacant for years, the street boys have stoned all the windows out, the fence about the little yard is displicated, and a general atmosphere of decay pervades the whole establishment where once the rich and fashionable turned their wealth into dainty viands and rare wine for the benefit of their own appetites and the canny poeket of the proprietor. The place has been twice sold at auction.

Another black and gilt front half conceals and half reveals Knabe planes at 112, but 114

of their own appetites and the canny, pocket of the proprietor. The place has been twee soil and their prevents Rabe planes at 112, but it with the property of the proprietors of the proprietors. Another their property of the base of the proprietors and their property of the base of the proprietors and their property of the base of the property of

old homes, 255 and 257, and have stayed the tide until 283, where an art furniture stere has taken possession.

Allitinery is worshipped at 252, and French books fill up 254, the old Coggin residence. At 262 Henry J. Duveen has turned a mansion into a decorative furniture establishment and at 264 Howard & Co. seel lewels where J. Mortimer, Jr., used to wear them. The Hazeltine Art Gallery decorates walls and Kate Reilly decorates females at 278, next door to the old house which C. B. Rogers still retains as his residence.

Robert E. Livingston at 271 and Johnston Livingston at 277 remain, but between them a bookseller and a tailor divide 275, and Fr. Beek set up in the wall paper business long ago at 281, the corner of Thirtieth street.

On the next block the residences, outwardly, it boarding houses inwardly, remain until 295, where robes and pareuet fooring have driven out the inhabitants, while tailors and milliners riot in 297, and 299 is "to let for business purposes." On the other side the Staten Island Dyeing Establishment has usurped the Falmer family at 286, robes and millinery have driven the Woods out of 288, Moore's Art Gallery takes 290, and 292, 294, and 296—once the homes of Mrs. Sutro. Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Bozemannow display the goods of Mms. Louise.

Above Thirty-first street William Dinamore holds on at 302, the corner house. John Hoey, his partner in the Adams Express Company, years ago was driven out of his home, at the corner of Twenty-second street, by Goupil & Co. Now Goupil & Co. have set themselves down on the corner at 303, just opposite Mr. Dinamore, and if he is superstitious he must wonder if they are waiting to disposees him wonder if they are waiting to disposees him

many years resident at 304, next door to Mr. Dinsmore, has yielded place to Allard, the furniture man, and millinery has possession of 304, while a tallor is supreme in the Douglas residence at 314. Emma Soule and the Knicker-booker Storage Company have 305, and then there is a skip past the houses of Dr. Bozeman and Le Grand B, Cannon to the corner, which is given up to a tallor.

BRAIL OF THE STITUTES OF HET THE STANDARY OF THE STITUTES OF THE STANDARY OF THE STITUTES OF THE STANDARY OF THE STANDARY

of them all has a big sign, in front of it. Above and below Fifty-ninth street, opposite Park, there are a number

dwellings on the east side, and the middle one of them all has a big sign. Union Bank," out in front of it.

Above and below Fifty-ninth streef, opposite the entrance to the Park, there are a number of stores and store buildings, and business has a firm grip on the locality. Above Birtieth street the avenue facing the Park is comparatively safe from the aggressions of trade. W. K. Stevenson, who handles much of the property on the avenue as it passes from the home owners to the store keepers, said to a SUN reporter.

"The old Fifth avenue is vanishing rapidly. It was a fine old street to live on, and a handsome one to drive through, but business is business; it had to have that street, and it's gotit and will keep it and change it to suit itself, sentiment and family pride notwithstanding. Already 40 per cent, of the frontage owners are asking for a horse car line, and it is only a question of time when a majority of the owners sign the petition. Just as soon as a man lets his property for business purposes he wants a street railroad on the avenue, and he'll have it there if he can get it, no matter if every ancestor he has turns in the grave and shrieks. There are a few houses, like those of the Vanderbiits, which have been so magnificenty constructed and furnished that they will be occupied as homes for a long time yet. They have cost too much to be abandoned, but they will stand like ancient landmarks in a street given over to business. And they will stand like ancient landmarks in a street given over to business. And they will be left that way sooner than you would think. The moment you see a "to let" sign go up on a building you can bet it means business. and if you add the stores and the "to let" sign so up on a building you can bet it means business. and if you add the stores and the "to let" sign so up on a building you can be time and such as the property went down a little at first, but it soon began to boom, and went up higher than eye. The property went down a little at first, but it soon began to b

From the Big-bill Bodge Fails.

From the Section Herald.

The other day, as one of the conductors on a Worcester street car was taking his farce, a man slitting in one corner of the car complacently handed out a \$20 bill. It was an old game; one that is often tried. The conductors are usually ready for such things, but this time change was short and the man of the patent register had just rung in a farce on himself when a drummer, standing on the rear platform, said: "I guess I can break that \$20 for you." The face of the big-bill man fell in a moment as the drummer handed over a lot of small bills to the conductor. His meanness was useless. He had to pay his fare.

"That's a silm game," said the drummer to another passenger, shortly afterward. "I hover see it tried but I want to break it up, if possible. A short time tay I was riding on the care, near Bridgeport, Cona., when I saw the conductor come up to a man who sat in front of me for his fare. The fellow handed him a \$100 bill. His fare was 36 cents. The conductor was an old friend of mine. He came along to me and said: I guess I'm stuck. Frank." Perhaps I can help you out, I answered. I happened to have with me 181 sailver dollars, and I counted out 100. If you ever saw a pleased man it was that conductor. He went back to the sharper, gave him 56 cents change, and then gave him 96 cartwheels. The fellow wore and the sharper, gave him 64 cents change, and then gave him 95 cartwheels. The fellow wore and the sharper, gave him 64 cents change, and then gave him 95 cartwheels. The fellow wore and the sharper, gave him 64 cents change, and then gave him 95 cartwheels. The fellow wore and the change. The conductor had his fare and he had his change. It's a mean trek, and nothing pleases me better than to see it folled.

## FUR AND CLOAK FASHIONS.

THE FITNESS AND UNFITNESS OF SEV-ERAL OF THE STYLES.



or cisele or broche velvet or plush with fur trimmings, and the older the wearer grows the more she lengthens this garment, particularly in the front tabs or forms; and if it is not of seal or seal plush she not only trims it with rich, strong, long pile furs, as costly as her purse can afford, but she also decorates it with braid and bead passementeries of as fine a description and artistic design as possible. It is no longer lined with fur, as it was some winters ago, but its quilted satin or plush lining is of the finest quality, and matches in color if not in shade the color of the wrap itself.

For midwinter, however, the wrap of the greatest elegance is the long cloak, not the



index gown.

SEAL CLOAK

circle, fur lined and ample of the past, but an elegant, stately, queenly garment, preferred to be of real seal, and whether trimmed or untrimmed covering the entire person, and frequently, but not invariably, simulating a short wrap over a rich fur, seal, seal plush, or fur trimmed skirt. The long cloaks shown in our two next cuts represent this kind of a wrap. One is of real seal trimmed with lynx fur, black, sliky, and of long pile. The other is a composition of heavy repped Sicillienne, closete plush, and Alaska sable tur. The slik and plush are golden brown, harmonizing well with the color of the sable. Such a wrap can be donned at a moment's warning over such an indoor frock as the one shown in our second picture, and the wearer is dressed for the street, for the carriage, or walking, if visiting, and she can, while making her calls, retain or throw aside. Her cloak at pleasure, according to the length of the call, the atmosphere of the house, or the demands of the moment. Her bonnet may be of plush, velvet, or soal, and the trimming as simple or elaborate as she chooses. It must harmonize with the colors of her wrap.

The English girl who wears the fur-trimmed redingote in our third picture is admirably dressed for midwinter winds and snows, through which she walks in such a garment with the ease of a bird on the wing. It is of soal plush trimmed with Russian hare coliar and bands. Under it she wears a tight-fitting tallor gown, and if the weather demands it a chamois walsteoat or jacket. Her seal turban is bordered with Russian hare. Her must list of seal plush trimmed with Russian hare of it has a chamois walsteoat or jacket. Her seal turban is bordered with Hussian hare. Her must it has an another and like to see American girls borrow ideas from.

The fitness of a thing makes its beauty and hosiery. This is the kind of English girl that American men admire and like to see American girls borrow ideas from.

The office of the grammer of taste who the passing moment. But it behoo

porary of Mme, de Pompadour in a chair of the Gothic period?" demands our artist. The re-sult would be obvious. An accident and ex-

posé would happen such as we frequently saw in the days of huge hoops when ladies mounted the steps of a Broadway stage—one of the old-fashioned buses that had not been adapted to the new style. So dire a disaster might not be the sequel of the purchase of a boa or of a sacque or redingote of seal not shaped to the



SEAL PLUSH requirements of the bustle of to-day; but it behooves all who meditate a purchase to insist
upon a triple mirror view of their garment
before making the final selection. It is
well, too, to inquire of their own consciousness, whether the long garment for
which they are going to pay such a
price (the cheapest costs over \$100) may not in
the near future be too narrow to wear over
the threatened petiticat. The hoop comes
slowly. It will probably not be in the form
worn by the Pompadour or the woman of 1868,
but the crinoline that has grown out of the
bustle of the last two years may in a few sea-



sons eclipse the wonders of the Louis XV, hoop or the watch-spring crinoline of twenty years ago. Ample as your cloaks are this winter, you cannot wear them over bustles any larker than those now in vogue. Ask your furrier if he can alter a sealskin pelisse or redingote of this winter's cut to wear over a larger than those now in vogue. Ask your furrier if he can alter a sealskin pelisse or redingote of this winter's cut to wear over a skirt of even half the dimensions of that of the contemporary of Mme. de Pompadour. A real sealskin pelisse is too costly to wear only one season, and by the next who can say what will be the shape of women's skirts?

CLERGYMEN DETECTIVES.

of Them Palls Backjon His Hip Pocket for Protection in a Maine Burroom.

"Did Mr. Hill really go there armed?" asked the reporter.

"No, and that's where the joke comes in. He hadn't a thing about him for defence. He tried the ristel necket dedge as a last resort.

"The harroom was searched, but no liquor was found beyond a few drops in the bottoms of jugs and bottles, which had evidently been hastily emptied down the spout. These few drops and the bottles were brought into the Municipal Court and the two ministers told what they had seen. The Judge held the evidence insufficient and dismissed the case,"

The Chances he has and the Chances she has in the Battle of Life.

Rat a tat tat! The origin of this sound was the blunt end of a lead pencil in the hands of a young lady in an up-town dry goods store. She was a saleswoman, or, begging the young person's pardon, a saleslady, if she will consent to use the word salesgentleman when speaking of her male vis a vis who dances attendance on customers on the opposite side of the room. The taps on the counter were the modern substitute for the exclamation "Cash!" formerly uttered to call were hardly given in this case before several urchins materialized from among the wilderness of skirts that filled the passageway, and shouting certain talismanic numbers, they stood before the conjuring witch. What followed it will be necessary to tell to no feminine reader who has seen her money disappear over

a dry goods counter.

There must be several thousands of these interesting children, male and female, known under the generic name of Cash, in the city of New York at this time. Reflecting on the number of dry goods houses on Broadway, Twenty-third street, Sixth avenue, Fourteenth street, and Grand street, and the number employed by all the leading firms, it is even possible to estimate the total at four or five thousand. They represent a great industry, of which the object is chiefly consumption. They stand, also, on the lowest round of the mercantile ladder, and some are destined to mount until they become clerks, superintendents, and proprietors. Others again, will be fated to fall by the way; or, belonging to the gentier sex, they will float off and perform matter-of-fact foles in domestic dramas. They are now leading lives of considerable hardship. They look bright and cheerful in the morning, heavy at noonday, and sometimes jaded in the evening. To persons familiar with the habits of children, and who reflect on their ability to play fifteen hours on the stretch without any apparent sense of fatigue, this declaration may sound like a waste of sympathy. But somehow there is a world of difference between work and even the kind of recreation which taxes the muscles more severely than work. If any man who has had the benefit of a country training thinks otherwise, let him recall some occasion in his early life when he was peremptorily ordered to abandon a game of base ball and go home and chop wood.

Cash girls and boys are usually the children of parents who are not able to live without turning all their resources into the market. These children do not seek the situation of their own free will, and they, often hold it very much against their will. Ask them how they like their employment and they will not always give a choorful answer. They speak of the hard rules which they are obliged to observe and of the fines which merchants think it necessary to impose to maintain discipline. In the largest stores the p

CERTACHEN DEFECTIVES.

One of These Pain Baselman Ha Hay Peach of the Common Co

BEHIND THE OPERA SCENES. A GLIMPSE AT A GREAT THEATRICAL TREASURE HOUSE.

ers of the Metropolitan—The Museum-like Exhibition of Properties—What is There, One of the most interesting and peculiar sights in Havana is the interior of the great Tacon Theatre, said to be the second or third theatre in size in the world-s dingy, cavernous structure at best, but very old and reputa-ble, and serving its purpose very well. In the daytime it is a museum to which especially favored strangers go to see the collections of properties that have accumulated there year by year in the course of business. The armor room is the most curious and interesting, for the spears and swords and battle axes and breastplates, shields, guns, and helmets are swell arranged for exhibition. Next in interest are the devices used in making stage thunder. stage moons, and all the rest, and after them come the wardrobes full of costumes, This city already has a theatrical museum of

much the same sort, which, though only five years old, greatly surpasses that in Havana. It

is larger, much more costly, and far more va-ried. It is the aggregation of "properties." owned by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, and stored in the great yellow brick opera house on Broadway. In spite of the size of the building and the extraordinary space devoted to each part of the service of the company, the exhibition already overflows its quarters, so that the fire-proof stairs of stone on which one meets ballet girls in costume, mobs of supers in outlandish costumes, and gorgeous knights and cavallers that seem to have stepped from between the covers of Grimm's "Fairy Tales" are greatly narrowed by heaps of things crowded out of the rooms. There are row-boats, dragons' heads, artificial rose bushes. massive-looking pillars, banners, military standards, and no one can fanoy what there is or is not. In all likelihood the hodge-podge is now enriched by the addition of the dragon who plays his part in "Slogfried." This theatre also has its armory, in which, in place of tin, the weapons are of iron and steel. Every epoch in the history of arms, from the club and bow and arrow to the gun, is represented. The costumes a number 12,000, and are constantly increasing in number, for though it was proper to use dresses already on hand for the recent production of "The Trumpeter of Sackingen," which is a tale of an age in which the scenes of many operas have been laid, it was necessary on the other hand to manufacture more than 300 brand new dresses and a vast weight in armor, as well as a huge room full of carpenters and scene painters' devices for the opera of "Ferdinand Cortes," which is now under rehearsal and will soon be produced. This work treats of the conquest of Mexico, and requires a complete new outfit, all of which will be kept indefinitely for use again and again beyond this almost ended century, and far into the next, if the opera holds its popularity. And yet the requirements of "Cortes" were slight beside those of "The Queen of Sheba," in which 530 persons appoar. In this way the museum grows until of shoes, slippers, sandals, buskins, and boots there is now a sufficient number to fit out four full regiments of people, or as many as constitute the population of Red Rank. The costume rooms are interesting, only because of the mass of goods stored in them, but no more display is or can be made there of them than of the score books for all the parts of all the operas which compose the library. In order to find room for the dresses they are folded, ticketed, and shelved, and one gets a better idea of what is in the room from the catalogue kept by Mr. Stanton, the director for mysterious pairs of tights, seedles, spool ectton, calico, velvet, and as many other things as can be stored away fill the stream of massive-looking pillars, banners, military standards, and no one can fancy what there is or is not. In all likelihood the hodge-podge is

master scolds and lectures and drills them for all the world as if he were a hen in charge of a lot of ducklings.

This juntor theatre, with its stage and auditorium, is by all o ids the most interesting room in the building, no matter whether you enter it when the full bailet is excited with a unanimous desire to put its combined toes over the master's head, or when the queen of the corps is majestically and monotonously lifting one heavy limb up and down in the air, like a lazy pumphandle, or whether that empress of song. Lille Lehmann, is pouring out of her threat a volcano of melody that would seem ten times too great to flad origin in any being's lungs. One is carried back a century by coming upon the perruquier's room, where wigs, ordered by the hundred for some of the operas, are made and stored. But wherever one goes, whether it is to stand over the mount of one of the vest masonry pits hewn from the solid rock under the stage, or far aioft to the bridge, where the painters always seem to spill more paint than they use, the great theatre is full of queer things that the public would as soon see as the best opera ever produced there, and it will be better worth seeing every year as time goes by

A Young Woman Saves the Life of a Young From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Young Woman Saves the Life of a Young Man at a Cantata in Cincinnati.

Promite Cincinnati Enquirer.

A terrible catastrophe was happily averted at Trinity Church, on Ninth street, last night, The costume of one of the particioants in the cantata of "The Snow Queen" became ignited from a gas jet. In a moment he was in fiames, and only his presence of mind saved his own life and prevented a conflagration.

The person who was put in this redicament was Mr. Scott Holmes, a well-known young attorney. For some days past the younger members of the Trinity congregation have been rehearing the cantata of "The Snow Queen," which was rendered by them last night. Mr. Holmes had been given the participation of the snow queen, which was rendered by them last night. Mr. Holmes had been given the cantata were on hand early, eager for the commencement of the evening's entertainment. The young ladies and genilement were engaged in arranging their costumes, when a frightful scene occurred.

Mr. Holmes had about got himself in readiness to appear. His costume, representing the "King of Winter," was necessarily very light and flinsy. A large tuit of lace rested upon his shoulders, he was standing directly beneath a lighted gas jet. It was one of the kind coming from the side of the wall which may be so turned that the light will burn downward. A transom over a door to his left side was partly onen. This, of course, caused a draught of air, which, while he stood beneath the jet, grew stronger. The flames reached out and touched the ince. Like a flash it ignited, Almost instantly he was enveloped in flames, the costume burning as only such material can.

For a moment the young gentleman was paralyzed with fright, but if was only momentarily. The room in which he stood was filled with seenery and other material almost as inflammable as that of which his costume was made. He sprang through the doorway and into the outer vestibule. There he knew he would be able to find a number of larre rugs. He threw in the lames, when only momentar